

(Continued from Page 3)

duct cuts she gave Mildred Bishop and me because of my wise cracks which made Mildred laugh.

I, Barbara Pearce, will all my knowledge ? that I received at Pershing to Karen Basen.

I, Marte Summers, leave my robe in chorus to Judy Bob Wight. May it bring her the good luck it brought me.

I, Bill Grote, will my gym clothes to Jimmy Jenkins and Raymond Abel.

I, Betty Day, leave my ability to get failing slips to my straight "A" sister, Dana.

I, Jeanice Davis, will my seat as assistant chairman in Mr. Hansen's room and his nickname for me, "Cutie Pie," to all my children and grandchildren.

I, Susan Daily, will my ability to do modern dancing to Lendell Williams, in hopes that she will get good use out of it.

I, Tom Romberg, leave my cast and all unpleasant 6th period classes to Barbara Holman.

I, Jim Dawson, leave to some 7th grader my old worn out gym shorts.

I, Tommie Lou Dorsett, will my typewriter to Susan Howye.

I, Mike Dunne, leave my pair of U.S. Kid tennis shoes to Mr. Moss.

I, Kirby Dupree, leave Pershing with a smile. Ha! Ha!

I, Harold Taylor, leave to Mr. Landers, my ability to draw.

I, Sondra McNulty, will my ability to keep gum on my nose in Mr. Thomasson's room to all my children and grandchildren.

I, Wesley Sokolosky, will my ability to turn cars over to Bill Monroe, who really needs it.

I, Don Smith, leave some poor eighth grader all my failing slips in Latin.

I, Frank Kelly, leave my ability to heckle hall patrols to Frankie Burdett.

I, Harry Dillashaw, leave to Martha Lanier and Walter Golden my ability to get away with almost anything in Mrs. Worley's Spanish class and still come up with an "H" in conduct.

I, Norma Imbt, will all the homework I did in the 9th grade to my three comrades, Jerry Rainey, Bill Granberry, and Sandy Demun.

I, Fran Martin, will all my love and respect for Pershing to my cousin Georgia Morgan, and Bobby Brackman in hopes that they will love it like I did.

I, Ann Marie Johnson, will my "wheelbarrow," to Anne Wilken-son in hopes that she can use it.

I, Frank Jones, will all my World History projects to Mr. Thomasson in hopes he has some use for them.

I, John Jamison, will all my "cultured clydes" World History tests to Mrs. Rosson's paper drives.

I, Eldon Jones, will to Mr. Thomasson my one glorious "P" and all of my good grades in there.

I, Ella Lester, will my great teachers and fun at Pershing to Jan Hinds and Barbara Grevsky.

I, Trey Martin, will my relationship with Mr. Moss to Chip Lee.

I, Kay King, will to my sister, Carol, and Lynell Ballantyne my old gym shoes, still wet and dirty from field day.

I, Pat Norton, leave my typing ability (hah!) to Karen Little.

I, Mary Ellen Long, will my old gym suits to my sister Susan.

I, Letitia Kinzbach, will to the next cheerleaders all the fun I've had in the past year.

I, Rise Finch, will my good

voice to anyone who will follow my booby-prize winning example in Mrs. Perkins' Chorus.

I, Caroline Autrey, leave to Marty Reagan and Weldon Bouldin my 9th grade notebooks and notes so they won't have to work so hard.

I, Janet Junker, will "Oley" and my ability to get a chair in the lunchroom to Gary Jones and Tom Broussard.

I, Barbara Jackson, leave to Mr. Ridley one brand-new copy of Webster's.

I, Linette Johnston, will my old, broken-down typewriter which has a mind of its own, to the unfortunate ones who will sit at desk 10 in Typing.

I, Liz Lamkin, will all the laughs I got on "Initiation Day" of the N.J.H.S. to all the future members, knowing they'll have enough of their own.

I, Linda Angle, leave the knowledge I didn't accumulate at Pershing to Leah Hart and Carolyn Coker.

I, David Broyles, just leave Pershing.

I, Deanne Carter, will all the Algebra I remember back to Miss Schultz.

I, Gary Costilow, will my ability to speak up to Jimmy Studert who is so bashful about talking.

I, Jack Drummond, being the idiot I am, will a bottle of plant killer to Kendall Hamilton for the fern in Room 12.

I, Jim Friou, will my new dance steps to Tommy Foster.

I, Tom Francis, being of rough mind will the muscles in the tips of my fingers to Mrs. Rollins, my favorite typing teacher.

I, Garry Fredrick, having a good solid concrete mind, leave the feeble thing to my dearest enemy, Norman Smith, who has no mind at all.

I, Philip Grimes, leave my track shoes to Don Davis.

I, Janya Houston, will my red do-lolly to Mr. Hansen.

I, Freddie Lipscomb, will Janice Berly my bare feet 'cause I had no tennis shoes in gym.

I, John McCaskill, will to my little brother the hall pass key I made in 8th grade metal shop.

I, Bill Miracle, hereby will my basketball ability to Steve Kline, who probably scored more points than I this season.

I, Bubba Monroe, leave to Steve Kline my ability to throw the ball to the opposing players.

I, Bobby Murray, leave to any eighth grader taking Latin next fall the tests and grades I haven't gotten back.

I, Don Murray, bequeath Mr. Thompson's paddle to the daring boys who try looking through the partition between the boys' and girls' gym.

I, Margaret Natho, do hereby leave my dear desk 21 in Typing to Carol Lang.

I, Vickie Neel, will to Thelma Chambers and Martha Simpson the many kicks I have had at Pershing.

I, Carol Newberry, leave all my speed test records to the next group of Typing II students in Mrs. Rollins' class.

I, Stewart Newland, leave the notes I have made in each of my classes for the edification of some unfortunate one who shares a certain locker.

I, Charlie Newton, hereby will all my old failing slips to Quentin James.

I, Diane Nichols, will my ability to study World History to Penny Moncus.

I, Bill Oelfke, will the thinga-majigs that fell out of my sec-

ond protozombi to someone who collects antique zulches.

I, John O'Quinn, hereby will the managership of the "A" team to Ricky Kaminsky and David McStravick.

I, Pam Popkin, leave my Elvis Presley fan club button and my old gym shoes to Susan Curry.

I, James Pettitt, leave my snagged-toothed comb to Bobby Mitchell.

I, Arnold Poth, leave my torn-up gym shirt to anyone who will sew it together again.

I, Bubba Putney, will my ability to play the piano like Liberace to Margo Garrett.

I, Jim Ridge, will my ability to play cards to Ace Thompson.

I, David Roberts, leave to Mrs. Rollins a soft ruler.

I, Jimmy Ross, leave the dim ribbon on the typewriter at desk 12 to some unfortunate one who gets that desk.

I, Carolyn Williams, will my music folder and choir robe hang-er to Dicky Thomas.

I, Jere Wicker, will my ability to concentrate in class and keep my mind off of the beautiful "things" of the school to Bill Fenoglio.

I, Carole Hardy, will my World History book to Judy Allen, who doesn't need it.

I, Angel Hawkins, will my ability to fall to Anne Wilkinson, hoping she won't use it.

I, Martha Hansen, will to Mr. Hansen all the ulcers that I probably gave him.

I, Doris Hendon, will to Jane Jones my ability to swim, do water ballet, and glug . . . glug.

I, Sue Gerrard, will my maroon and gold wrestling robe to Anita Jones and Patty "Pretzels" Huston.

I, Suanna Hinrichs, leave to Colleen Schoolcraft and Jane Jones all the good times I have had at Pershing and my ability to do modern dancing.

I, Jimmy all, leave my hall patrol post to anyone who doesn't mind getting pushed and poked at and wants to become infamous.

I, Vann Phillips, leave what football ability I have to Richard Stamp and hope he can use it better than I did.

I, Jerry Frank, leave all my basketball ability that I acquired in the past year to Steve Kline.

I, Charles Leslie, leave to all the boys (and men) I have fished with, a strong memory of our trips, and to Betsy King, a strong bond of friendship.

I, Senor Alto (igh), will my ability to get along with Cultured Clyde to my sister, Lou.

I, John O'Heeron, will to Mike Porter my ability to get along with Mr. Barfield.

I, Terry Balsom, leave to Janet Hall my old dirty gym suit if she has enough time to sew up all the holes and put all the buttons on.

I, Bob Gravell, will to Jane Jones, the splinters I accumulated while warming the football bench.

I, Johnny Elliott, will my "legs" to Larry Lucas.

I, Susie Heyne, will my ability to get caught in the act of talking by my teachers to Sheryl Schoenfield.

I, Glynn Dyess, will to Kaye Thompson my bright red football

sweater which will make her a standout, I am sure.

I, Linda Hudson, will all the great times I've had in Pershing to Judy Bob White and Martha Parish in hopes that they will have fun too.

I, Pat Haragan, leave to Sandra Emmott the lunchroom maid, Elsa May.

I, Charlotte Gouldson, will all the fun and good times I've had in Pershing to Penny Penland knowing she will use them.

I, William Hamlett, do will to Mr. Thompson all the wet towels I used to wipe cinders out of my eyes.

I, Ramona Hudgins, will all of my wonderful times in mixed chorus to anyone lucky enough to get in.

I, David Harris, will my kicking toe to whomever can use it next year.

I, Judy Garmon, leave my ability to Linda Garmon and disabilities to anyone who wants them.

I, Nan Peabody, bequeath all my pins and needles to Pat Norton.

I, Billy Kelly, leave to anyone who wants them my dirty gym shorts and T-shirt.

I, Marjean Allen, leave my ability to fail Spanish I to Marlowe Meyers.

I, Robert Farmer, will my ability to type 50 words a minute to James Pettitt.

I, Jim McDugald, leave my good Spanish grades (?) to some unlucky 8th grader.

I, Kay Millet, leave all the make-up papers I graded badly to Mr. Hansen.

I, Barbara Pickard, will all my luck in Pershing and what little good grades and popularity I had to the sister, Eleanor Johnson, of a great boy.

I, Kathy Ballard, will all my good typing grades back to Mrs. Rollins.

I, Cathy Williams, will Mr. Hansen to some lucky L-7.

I, Ann Nichols, will my three-year scholarship in underwater basket-weaving to anyone who can hold his breath that long.

I, Randolph Abbey, leave my Bomb-Bardment tactics to Coach Denson.

I, John Farmer, will all my "Bop" records to Mr. Thomasson in hopes he will make them cultural again.

I, Dianne Farrell, do hereby will to DiAnne Jones my ability to make a grade ?? in Typing I and II.

I, Carole Palmer, will my typewriter and those umpteen tons of used typing paper to Carol Stewart.

I, Linda Arnold, will to Frances and Sue Harrison all the lunches I have left at home.

I, Steve Zapp, will all my good Algebra grades (?) to Bill Granberry.

I, Sandra Bailey, will to Patsy Davis my ability to have good times in General Science.

I, David L. Menden, will all of my very many and numerous failing slips back to my teachers.

I, Sharon Anderson, do hereby will to Leah art my ability to chase previous boys and never catch them.

I, Judy McLaughlin, will to my brother, Kenny, my ability to talk in science class and not get away with it.

I, Dotty Adams, will all my used up matches that I tried to burn the school down with to my brother, Dick, if and when he gets here.

I, Judy Young, will my drumsticks (as they are called) to Anette Sweitzer because she is so chicken.

I, Arlan Ferguson, will my strictly amazing shaggy flattop to Mr. Denson.

I, Dale McMillian, will to Susie Hanus, my cute haircut and all the troubles I had.

I, Barbara Macko, will to my two younger sisters, my two shredded gym suits with hopes that by then the Board of education will have thought of a better form of dress for gym.

I, Charles Agnor, leave all of my devilsome ways to be carried out by my comrade, Monte Richards.

I, Janet Harbian, will all my good times in the Senior Band to some lucky soul who will be there next year.

I, Carole Akkerman, will all my good times at Pershing to Patty Sims.

I, Lawrence Miller, will a new GMC truck motor to Mr. W. C. Denson.

I, Barbara Axelrod, will to Lorraine Berg my 5'½" height.

I, David Russell, will my left shoe to Mrs. Worley.

I, Stanley Blend, leave one pink button to Sands Woodruff.

I, Geoff-Land, leave to a real "slick chick" (Ramona Albert) a musty seat in Mrs. Early's H-8 Math class.

I, Sammy Tate, will my good times at Pershing to my friends who are remaining here.

I, Joanne Hedges, will all my good times in Mr. Board's driving class to some other lucky students who gets him.

I, Olga Heizer, leave all my pictures of James Dean to my sister, Yvonne.

I, Lynn Ramsey, leave to my girl friend my collection of used gum.

I, Joe Herron, hereby leave Larry Hardy.

I, Rhonda Burrage, will my beat up Panda to Beverly Grimes.

I, Lynda Graham, will my delapidated desk in Mr. Board's room to some poor soul who shall have the pleasure of sitting in it.

I, Michael Carney, leave Jimmy Burns all my worldly possessions, which consist of one faded pair of gym shorts and one tennis shoe with no strings.

I, Catherine Carl, will three

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